

E U T E R P E;

O R,

Remarks on the USE and ABUSE of

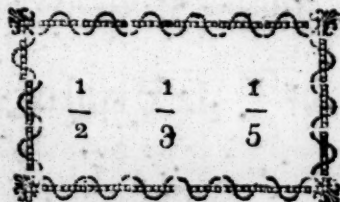
M U S I C,

As a Part of MODERN EDUCATION.

Unto Thee, O Lord, will I Sing;

—O let me have Understanding.

PSL. 101.



— Quæ non fecimus Trini,

Vix ea pulchra voco—

Their sound is gone out into all Lands. Psalm. 19.

L O N D O N:

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F U T E R P E

O R

Remarks on the USE and ABUSE of

M U S I C

As a Part of Modern Education.



Ps. 101.

Printed at the University Press, Cambridge, by J. DODD, Printer to the University.

To the *Nobility* and *Gentry*,

SUBSCRIBERS to the

CONCERT for ANTIENT MUSIC only,

Lately established in LONDON;

The following cursory Remarks are humbly
inscribed,

By the AUTHOR.

To the Nobility and Gentry,



SUBSCRIBERS to the

How great the degeneracy of those *Times!* when the
unthinking *Daughters of Dissipation* turned with a
tearless eye, from the sweet *persuasion* of a *Sheridan*,
and an *Harrop*; and the relentless *Sons of Folly* lent
but a careless *Ear* to the unrivalled excellence of a
Fischer, and a *Lamotte* !!!

By the AUTHOR.

EUTERPE;

O R,

Remarks on the *Use* and *Abuse* of

MUSIC, &c.

THE influence of Music over our affections is a truth established both by sacred and prophane history, and confirmed by its constant use in all religious rites where the *passions* are most deeply interested. If this Art has power to direct the emotions of the heart, does it not deserve our most earnest attention to preserve its proper influence, and direct it to the good purposes intended by the wise and kind *Author*

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of

of all good things? And this can only be done by preventing the *Art* itself from being corrupted by the *caprice* and *absurdity* of human frailty, and by directing the powers of its *purity* to assist us in the habits of *Virtue* and *Religion*. *Plutarch* tells us, that a man who has learned *Musical* from his youth, will ever after have a proper sense of *right* and *wrong*, and an habitual persuasion to *decorum*: This is undoubtedly true, if we consider the ancient manner of inculcating the *laws* of their *Country*, the great *actions* of *Heroes*, the praises of their *Deities*, which were the subjects of this *Art*, not to mention its *mathematical* principles, which made a part of the *Greek* education, and induced the youth to *serious* enquiry, and led them to noble *Truths*. But I fear a general corruption has taken place, and defaced all hopes of producing these good effects, if we consider the present state of this *Art*. The same *Author* has also told us, that, the manners of any *people* are best denoted by the prevailing state of the *Musical* of their country; and
this

this is certainly true; as the mind will always seek its *repose* and *delight* in pursuits the most similar to its general *tendency* and *direction*. This reflection leads us to consider the *present* state of Music in our own country, and how far it may be made subservient to the ornamental part of education; and at the same time a means of inducing the mind to the sober pursuits of virtue and religion, which ought to be the true intention of parents in forming the minds of their children.

Music is to be understood as a powerful assistant to *sentimental expression*, (I speak here of *vocal* Music) which by the power of its charms, inforces our attention to some particular *subject*, adapted to some *natural* passion of mankind: Under such consideration, we are strongly impressed with the ideas of *love*, *fear*, *pity*, or some other natural *affection*. But to produce the effects of *nature*, the means must not be *unnatural*; and to raise the ideas of certain passions, the

means

means should be consonant to the *passion* itself, and confined within the simple bounds of nature. If this be not the case in Music, its true end is defeated, it ceases to be an assistant to *sentimental expression*, and we absurdly *admire* its mere sounds, rather than powerfully *feel* its *proper effects*.

THE present universal passion for this *Art*, and the *fashion* of making it a necessary part of education, induces me to consider it, as relating to the *fair sex*, more particularly. *Parents* are naturally inclined to make their children partake of those *amusements* the most *prevailing* and *fashionable*; As Music in this age comes under this denomination, it is no wonder we find every attention paid to this qualification, at the *earliest* period of life. The most eminent *Masters* are obtained; and much *time* and much *expence* bestowed, to acquire this *accomplishment*. The fond parent, anxious to *embellish* the darling child, and render her fit for *polite* company, compels her to *perseverance*, without

out discriminating the propensity of her own nature, but vainly imagines, that a proficiency is certainly to be obtained in proportion to the reputation of her Instructor; Under this delusion the young Lady is too often brought into public company, and exhibits her performance, to the well-bred admiration and astonishment of the ignorant many; but to the silent Pity of the judicious few. Here let us again call to mind the observation of Plutarch, and consider how far the manners of a people are denoted by the style of their Music: The present state of dissipation in the fashionable world, and the agitation of spirits ever attendant on crowded assemblies, and pleasureable pursuits, elevate the mind of Taste above the standard of sober Thought. Every thing is sought which can assist the temporary Phrenzy, and nothing deemed worth our knowing, but how to forget ourselves. This unhappy situation renders the generality of our fashionable people lost to any serious examination of true or false impression, but are indiscriminately led to approve or condemn,

whatever the *multitude* of *fashion* establishes by its sanction. Under this state it is, that our Music has become so totally changed. It is not now sought as a repose for the mind after its fatigues, but to support its *Tumults*,—not to impress the *Delights* of *calm reason*, or prevail on us to *listen* to the *charmer*; but she must leave the purity of her *own Nature*, and by divesting herself of *Simplicity*, force us to *admire*, not *feel*, and yield to *astonishment* and *absurdity*, instead of *chaste Beauty* and delight. In a word, the imagination is now to be *surprized*, whilst the *Heart* is totally *neglected*. Our *compositions* are *unnatural*;—an opera at best is a ridiculous performance, but rendered much more so by our modern *strange* species of composition: It is not now considered how to aid *sense* by *expressive sound*, but how to *set off* the *unnatural dimensions* of a voice. Every *Passion* is treated alike, and every *song* extended to the utmost *limits* of the *singer's mechanical* powers. Our instrumental performers are under the same influence; hard labour, and *unhappy progress* on the Violoncello, have rendered

rendered it a rival to the *Tones* of the *Violin*, and this last is reduced to the *impotent* squeak of a dancing-master's *Kitt*. In short, our Music must now be made for the *performer* not the *hearer*; corrupted *Taste* has stamped that Music with *Dullness* which does not make us *stare*; and given the *Palm* to such as can never delight, or make us *better*. As Music is thus divested of its *simplicity*, its *difficulties* are necessarily encreased; and yet our children are to encounter whatever is thought *great* in a stage singer, perhaps possessed of *uncommon talents*; whilst the vanity of the parents never distinguishes, that by rendering a young Lady *thus great*, she too often becomes *terrible*, and instead of acquiring an accomplishment to *delight* her acquaintance, on a visit, or *improve* her own heart in the hour of *retirement*, she sacrifices at the altar of vanity, and too often becomes ridiculous, by affecting to be *thoroughly accomplished*. Young Ladies have seldom time to acquire any tolerable degree of *modern execution* in singing, yet by always attempting what they hear applauded by the public, they fancy themselves

selves in possession of what they think will render
 them admired, when too often the contrary is the un-
 happy consequence. The graceful Minuet is a neces-
 sary addition to the education of a young Lady, but
 the attitudes of a *Figurante*, or the distortions of the
Allemande, sit awkwardly on *those* who are not trained
 for the stage. Since such inconveniences arise in the
 mode of acquiring this Art as an useful accomplish-
 ment, I would beg leave to suggest what methods appear
 most probable for the most *ornamental* as well as *useful*
 attainment of Music. Since *Music* is a *Language*, it
 should be taught as such, and the scholar proceed in a
 regular way to acquire such a knowledge of *Notes*,
 which may enable her to sing *easy, plain, simple tunes*, by
inspection, and not the artificial manner of *spelling* a
 song by the keys of their Harpsichord. This method
 always gives her a *false intonation*, as that instru-
 ment at best (when *tuned*) is an *imperfect one*. By pro-
 ceeding in this *regular* method of learning to *read*
sounds, they will soon be able to *sing* an inward part

in

in a *Duet or Trio*, and *feel* the powers of harmony when joyned to some pleasing *melody*. Much less time would be employed in attaining a sufficient knowledge of musical intervals, to enable a daughter to sing at sight, an *easy, affecting*, melody, or, in fact, a concise *real Tune*, than is bestowed on the unmeaning and extravagant songs of our modern operas. But such is the prevalence of what is called *Taste*, that nothing is allowed to the scholar, but what is *new*, however difficult to be attained, or however insignificant when performed. If the generality of mankind would divest themselves of prejudice, and the dread of having a *vulgar Taste*, we should not find them so often undergoing the fatigue of listening with dozing attention to what they *are told* is *fine*, but *what* with all their endeavors they cannot be brought to think *agreeable*. But *high-bred* taste like high-born pride, is sometimes obliged to obey the dictates of pure simple nature, and enjoy a pleasure it dares not openly *avow*. In spite of prejudice we sometimes find *those* who acknowledge that their

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affections are stolen by a simple old Song, even when they are ashamed to be touched by such low and vulgar productions. If singing has any power over our souls, it must arise from its assisting sentimental expression; if the Music be too complicated, the sense is confounded, and the effect destroyed. The true pathetic is only to be found in simplicity. Take away the instrumental accompaniments from an Opera Song, and who would wish to hear the Song part? As it is not a real Tune or pleasing melody, it ceases to express any passion, and becomes an awkward succession of unnatural sounds,—signifying nothing. It were to be wished, that the musical part of a Lady's education was so far limited, as to enable her to sing perfectly, some plain, sweet melodies in her own Language, and obtain such a degree of knowledge as is requisite to take a part as before observed in Duetts or Trios; but these should be only in plain Counterpoint, and the words of moral tendency at least; but rather, now and then, such as might awaken the mind to the sublime duties of

Praise

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Praise and Thanksgiving. I could wish the Harpsichord was no otherwise employed than by playing the *Harmony* or *Thorough-Bass* to these simple airs; but never to play the *Song part* as is generally done; and this *acquisition* might easily be made in a short time and with little pains, as the *Basses* of *simple Airs* are generally (or should be) very *simple* themselves. How far more desirable such a degree of performance for our daughters, than their imperfect attempts of *doing* what ought *never to be done*: How far more delightful one strain of such Music, than the elaborate pages of Italian Operas fraught with *unnatural Music* and unaffected poetry. And how far more worthy the pursuit of *rational Beings*, to devote an hour or two, even of the *Sabbath*, to such incitements to virtue and religion, rather than expose our *accomplished fair* ones to the *sneers* of the *Critic* and *ridicule* of *Fidlers*, by conveying them from *house to house*, as *Prodigies* of *execution* and *taste*, when the utmost of their performance is perhaps not quite *disgusting*, and the *flattery* of
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of their polite friends, but *ignorance* and *affectation*. As to the Ladies Harpsichord performance, they often acquire a most wonderful mechanical execution of most difficult lessons, and here we leave them to their Masters, but wish even in this department they were more confined to the real good compositions of our best Masters, for that instrument. In regard to the choice of *proper* Music for a Lady to sing, I need only observe, how many most delightful *Airs* are to be found in the compositions of the *immortal Handel*, of so simple and exquisite construction, as to excite every degree of pleasure and delight the mind is capable of receiving: I need not mention many others of our own countrymen, *Purcel, Jackson, Boyce, Arne, &c.* and with respect to the excellence of our Church Music, no country has ever produced so *chaste*, or so pure and affecting compositions of this kind in either *one* or *more parts*. As a specimen of the true dramatic *musical simplicity*, let me mention the Music in *Macbeth*, and *Prince Arthur*. I mean not to exclude the *Italian Music* from

its *due praise*, but must observe, that the *French Airs*, are sometimes extremely awkward, from the defects in that *detestable Language*, which must often occasion a false *Rhythmus*, from its double rhymes, and is therefore utterly unfit for musical expression. If we examine the Music of the last century, or even farther back, we shall have good reason to believe that the Ladies were better musicians than ours at present, notwithstanding our boasted improvements, and *refined Taste*. It was then deemed a necessary part of education to be able to sing their part at sight, and from the *beautiful simplicity* of their compositions, I make no doubt but the effect was equal to what could be wished for, and that their manners also were as *unaffected* as the style of their Music. Let our daughters then be taught *Music* so as to *understand* what they *perform*, and *perform* no more than what falls within the *easy* compass of their *execution*; nor ever attempt any thing but *select pieces* of *familiar, easy, simple* construction, such as may delight the ear of their friends, and contribute to improve their own

Hearts by directing its influence to the proper object.
 —Having thus offered a few observations relative to the mode of acquiring a *necessary* knowledge of *Music*, and its *useful* as well as *ornamental* part, which it ought to make (under *proper direction*) in the education of young Ladies; I will venture to proceed, and offer to the Gentlemen also, what are the proper means of rendering this *Divine Art* *profitable*, as well as pleasing to our own sex. The same fate seems to attend us both, in pursuing this Art; our young Gentlemen seldom becoming very *agreeable* performers, and hardly ever very *useful* ones. Their choice of easy *imperfect Instruments* occasions this complaint, in a great measure; and when they undertake the *Violin* or *Violoncello*, instead of becoming *useful Performers* in Concert, and playing real good *Music*, they are never contented without rivalling the absurd extravagancies of our modern *executioners* of *Music*, and imitating the *wonderful Powers* of those, who have unhappily reduced *Music* to the narrow limits of three inches of the *Bow*,
 upon

upon two inches of the *String*. But I beg leave to lay before these *Rivals for Excellence*, a source of real useful knowledge. As Gentlemen can hardly ever attain a degree of *practical Excellence* equal to the *Professors*, I would beg them to take this method how to exceed them in other *Points* both with *Honour* and *Pleasure* to themselves. *Music* is a *science* established on the most sublime parts of mathematical truths; its *theory* founded on the doctrine of *Proportion*; on the most wonderful, though the most *simple* and *few Principles*; the knowledge of which, fills the enquiring mind with the most transcendant pleasure, and admiration of the wisdom of the Creator, who "*hath filled all things with good.*" As Gentlemen should be *Scholars* also, and not ignorant of such a valuable part of learning, as the simple *elements* of plain *Geometry*, and *practical Arithmetic*, I would recommend them to read Doctor Holder's treatise on the principles of Harmony.— Mr. Stillingfleet's remarks on Tartini's works, and if they have no objection to a little Greek, they may look

look into Ptolemy, published by Dr. Wallis, or the five Greek writers on Music, by Meibomius. This is the study of *Music* really as a science, and will much facilitate the knowledge of its *Practice*, especially as to *Thorough-Bass*, and the *principles* of composition. This is the pursuit worthy a Gentleman's attention; and this the knowledge which alone distinguishes the *Musician* from the *Fidler*, and the *Architect* from the *Bricklayer*. With what pleasure do we find that the same *Proportions* which the divine *Author* of *Nature* has established for delighting the *Ear* in Music, are the same with *those* which are beautiful to the *Eye* in Architecture, and Sir Isaac Newton has demonstrated, that the seven *primary Colours* are respectively limited under the very same *Proportions*. How simple the œconomy of *Nature*, and how wonderful these discoveries! that all *Beauty* should be determined by one invariable *Rule* and *Ordinance*. I do not hereby preclude Gentlemen from acquiring a practical knowledge of Music; from what has been said, I would mean to assist their pursuit, and

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increase their pleasure, by thus *searching* the sources of its derivation.—I would recommend to them a *practical* knowledge of *Thorough-Bass*, which I am well assured is much easier for a Gentleman to acquire, than is generally imagined;—or such a proficiency on the Violoncello, as will render him an useful Performer in concerts of *good* Music, or to accompany a Song.—Not to forget mentioning the *Tenor*, which is easily learnt so far as to play in concerts of the old *good* Authors; a just performance of which part, to happily unite the harmony of the other instruments, has as good a claim to merit, and much better, than half the *Solo Performers* we daily hear, and requires the good judgment of the player, though not his great execution. I am persuaded that half the time bestowed by Gentlemen in the practice of *very difficult* and consequently *not very good* Music, would render them masters of this Art, even so far as to read it as a language; a pleasure which those only experience who can look over a *score of many parts*, and,

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"with the mind's ear," hear the different movements as perfectly as if really performed.

SINCE the Supreme Being has formed many of his most beautiful works according to the principles of harmony, from whence some of our most pure and affecting pleasures arise, can it be looked upon as unbecoming, that our youth of both sexes should bestow some portion of their time to the study of what was manifestly intended by Providence to allure us to the love of *Order*, according to the Platonic doctrine, quoted by *Plutarch*? Surely not; the younger part of the female sex, who discover the least propensity for Music, or shew any marks of having a good ear, should certainly learn Music, not for the sake of rendering them *fit* for the *fashionable* world, not for *parade* and ostentation, not to rival theatrical performers; but should *so learn*, as to amuse their *own family*, and for that domestic *comfort*, they were by Providence designed to promote;—to relieve the anxieties and cares
of

of life, to inspire cheerfulness, and elevate the mind to a sense and love of *Order*,—Virtue,—and Religion; *She* who can, by thus improving her natural talents, effect these good purposes, will not have mispent her time: But, alas! how far these ends are answered by the *modern mode* of learning *modern Music*, let those declare who have *seen* and *heard*. Let our young men maintain the dignity of the *Gentleman* and *Scholar*, and thus render themselves able to communicate to their friends the pleasures of their musical endowments, both by their *Heads* and *Hands*. Let the *Philosopher* conspire with the *Musician*, to assist in the duties of Religion, and promote that *complacency* of mind which the *virtuous* only know.—Such considerations should awaken our youth to retrieve those losses which they sustain by the corruption of this *noble Art*, and enable them to discountenance the support of *those* who contribute to its destruction. Let the Parents make Music, under these restrictions, a regular part of education, as was the custom of antient and wise nations; not as

a trifling

a trifling and *vain* amusement, but as a means of invigorating the powers of the heart, and thereby manifesting the glory of our *Creator*.—Having thus expressed our wishes for Music becoming an *useful* part of education; it may not be improper to make some observations upon the real causes of its corruption. We have before mentioned the general prevailing state of dissipation in our polite people, and their attachment to *fantastic Levity*. Many other causes arise; the *increasing passion* for this *Art*, has increased the number of its professors, and these fired with emulation on their respective instruments, have extended the powers of execution to such astonishing a degree, as to win the applause of the unthinking part of mankind, and impose *mechanical* rapidity, and the *wonders of difficulty*, as the perfection of *Genius*, and the only *triumphs* of *Music*. This has induced every performer to commence composer, and adapt the inert *crudities* of his own brain to the *active powers* of his own fingers, without any farther respect to the hearer, than endeavoring to *surprize*, where

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he ought to have *moved* and *persuaded*. But can this excellence of the *execution*, atone for the vileness of the composition? No! —The powers of a *Garrick* can add no merit to the works of a *D'Urfey*.—But the beauties of a *Shakespeare* may be *felt*, though *humbly* recited in a barn.—As Music like all other *Arts*, is *some* resemblance of nature, which fills our minds with counterfeit images, and our hearts with *fictional* sentiments, often more charming than if they were *true* and *natural*; it becomes the function of the *Musician* to transport those *refined touches* which are in nature, and present them in objects to which they are not *natural*; —to maintain a perpetual *fiction*, graced with all the characters of *Truth*; and thus become the *artificial* portrait of the *human passions*. The mind of the hearer exercises itself in comparing the *Model* with the *Picture*, and the result of the judgment it gives, is so much the more agreeable, as it is a proof of *its own Knowledge* and *Penetration*. The object of a *Musician's* imitation must be *nature*, represented to the mind by

Enthusiasm,—a word which all the world understands, but which no one has happily defined: It is that situation of soul, that *happy moment* of genius, when, as if filled with *Fire Divine*, it takes in all nature, and spreads upon its objects, that *Heavenly Life*, which animates *Them*, and those engaging strokes, which warm and ravish *us*. Music is a Language which speaks to us in *Tones*;—If I don't understand it, Art has corrupted nature rather than improved it. Let us appeal to the judicious composer himself, which are the *parts* he approves most, and to which he is continually returning with a secret pleasure? Are they not those, where (if we may so say) his Music is *speaking*, where it has a clear meaning, without obscurity. Music then is to be judged of in the same manner as a *Picture*. I see *strokes* and *colours* in it whose meaning I understand,—it strikes,—it touches me,—from its *resemblance* to some known object. Music may imitate nature independant of words, though they greatly help it, but neither give or take away any thing which

alters

alters its nature.—It can still express *Complaint* or *Joy*. Its essential expression is *Sound*, as that of painting is *Colour*. The *Heart* also has its understanding, independent of *Words*, and when it is once touched, it comprehends all.—For as there are great *Things* which *Words* cannot reach, so there are delicate ones, which *Words* are as little capable of expressing; If Music then, the best calculated in its *Tones*, the best constructed in its *Parts* and *Modulation*, and the best performed, should happen with all these qualities, to have no *signification* or *meaning*,—what can we compare it to, but a *Prism*, which presents the most beautiful *Colours*, but gives us no kind of *Picture*. Every *Tone*, every *Modulation*, ought to lead to a *sentiment*, or give us one. The expressions ought to be just, lively, and delicate; and give those strokes which fall in the ecstasy of *Passion*; those tender *Accents*, which warm, awaken, and animate the mind. This is the *Refinement* that conveys *Improvement*, amidst its *Roses*; the most delightful images which teach us nothing, have a certain insipidity, which

which like *Beauty* without *Sense*, leaves but disgust behind, and wants *energy* to penetrate. We do not say that *Music* should never give itself up to agreeable *Mirth*; the *Muses* are *cheerful*, and were always friends to the *Graces*; let them have their *Sports* and *Relaxations*; yet they owe other *services* to mankind, whose life should not be perpetual *Amusement*. The *example of Nature* teaches them to do nothing considerable without a wise *Design*, which may tend to the *Perfection* of those for whom they labour. When *Music* is joyned to words, the *Poetry* should not be *glittering Images*; but *simple* and *natural*, it must run with *softness* and *negligence*, and give that force to the *musical Expression* which may render the *Sense* more *neat* and *intelligible*. We may here observe, that the most beautiful verse does not bear *Music* the best,—it must be the most *moving*. *Music* which is the image of *Eloquence*, should know how to *awaken* and how to *lull*,—it is capable of exciting *Emotion*, and of soothing the *moved* part to *rest*. The *Artist*, 'tis true, must

study

study diligently to arrive at this perfection; but he must have the *Seeds* implanted in his own *Nature*, they must be *born* with him, before *study* can be of any service. But in the *Music* of our own days, we find a prevalence of false beauties; and very few have genius or taste to perceive their absurdity. Our modern *Music* sustains itself only by *Appearance*, and is only animated by *false Colour*; it acts principally on the minds of the vulgar, which lie open to imposition.—For want of *reason* and *authority*, it makes use of *charms* and *flattery*; it is void of every thing *essential* to win, and only speaks in a pretty cajoling tone. Its beauties are rather *delicate* than *strong*; and having their *powers* limited for want of genius, they go no farther than the *external Sense*, and only play on the *surface* of the *Soul*. But we expect more from this Art; we expect *Majesty* with *Simplicity*, we expect *Beauty*, but a beauty full of *good Sense*; we expect *Grace*, but a *grace* full of *Dignity*;—we expect *Softness*, but a *softness* full of *Energy*.

HAD *Music* been in the same state *formerly* that it now is, the Philosopher who placed *Eloquence* among the *voluptuous* parts of *Knowledge*, would with as much reason have placed *this*. They would have driven it with a great deal of *justice* from the Republic of *Sparta*, and from every *well-polish'd* State; perhaps they would have thought no more of it, than of the *art* of making *Sweet-meats*, which has for its *object* the pleasure of *Taste*, or that Art which flatters another *Sense*, and works at the composition of *Perfumes*. But it should not be so in true *Music*.—We must preserve in every thing the *grandeur* of its *end*, and the *dignity* of its *use*. The blessings of the mind were not bestowed solely for the pleasure of the body; the gratification of the *Ears* is indeed *more* than nothing, but it is not *all*. *Music* is not an amusement for the careless or idle vulgar; the *Musician* is somewhat more than a *Mountebank* or *Rope-Dancer*; he should preserve his dignity, he must not *trifle* and play *tricks*, he must not be *gay*, he must be *serious*. He must employ the *stratagems*

tagems of Virtue ; he must be a Physician to *hide* the *Health* and *Liberty* of the *Soul*, in *Myrtle*, and in *Perfumes* ; he must send *those* away with *Edification*, who only came with the expectation of *Pleasure* ; and render them not only more *satisfied*, and more *joyful*, but also *better*, and more *virtuous*.

HOWEVER Music may be now unhappily applied, without doubt it originally appertains to *Religion* ; But as the *one* is deprived of its due *Reverence*, the *other* will necessarily decline in its *Influence*. Without the *awful* and *exalted* views of Religion, the *true sublime* of the *fine Arts* can never subsist : Hence it was that the greatest Poets, whatever were their private opinions, were in their *Works* always men of eminent piety. On the contrary, as *Infidelity* advances, and chills the *Enthusiasm* of the mind, the *divine* and *noble* Ideas must perish in Poetry, Oratory, Music, and Painting. Whoever reflects on the *Levity* of the present Age, and its attachment to the *Burlesque* and *Ridiculous*,

culous, must confess the justness of our *Intention*, if not the force of its *Execution*, when we wish to rescue one of the *Arts* from this *Prostitution*; and by rendering a Language of *delightful Sensations*, intelligible to the *Heart*; prevents its being made subservient to the *abhorrence* of *Thinking*. But although, from the force of fashion, we cannot totally secure the *sacred Lyre*, and see it put under the protection of *true Geniùs*; yet may every Parent so far call in aid the powers of *Music*, as to make the youth of both sexes the *happier* and *better* for its influence, not by qualifying them with a *flattering means* of temptation to *Vanity* and *Dissipation*; but with an alluring *Syren* to *heart-felt Bliss*, and *sedate Reflection*. To which good purpose let the zealous admirers of *Harmony*, free from the shackles of *Practice*, and prejudices of *Mode*, lay the present half Gothic style of *Music* in ruins, like those towers of whose little laboured ornaments it is an exact *Picture*, and restore the elevated taste of *passionate Harmony* once more to the *delight and improvement* of *Mankind*.

